VOL. VIII. NUMB. 599.

The SPECTATOR.

——Ubique
Luctus ubique pavor—— Virg.

MONDAY, *September* 27. 1714.

IT has been my Custom, as I grow old, to allow my self in some little Indulgences which I never took in my Youth. Among others is that of an Afternoon's Napp, which I fell into in the fifty fifth Year of my Age, and have continued for the three Years last past. By this means I enjoy a double Morning, and rise twice a Day fresh to my Speculations. It happens very luckily for me, that some of my Dreams have proved instructive to my Countrymen, so that I may be said to sleep, as well as to wake, for the Good of the Publick. I was Yesterday meditating on the Account with which I have already entertained my Readers concerning the Cave of *Trophonius*. I was no sooner fallen into my usual Slumber, but I dreamt that this Cave was put into my Possession, and that I gave publick Notice of its Virtue, inviting every one to it, who had a mind to be a serious Man for the remaining part of his Life. Great Multitudes immediately resorted to me. The first who made the Experiment was a *Merry-Andrew*, who was put into my Hands by a neighbouring Justice of Peace, in order to reclaim him from that prodigate kind of Life. Poor Pickle-herring had not taken above one Turn in it, when he came out of the Cave, like a Hermit from his Cell, with a penitential Look and a most rueful Countenance. I then put in a young laughing Fop, and, watching for his Return, asked him, with a Smile, how he liked the Place? he replied, Prithee Friend be not impertinent, and talked by me as grave as a Judge. A Citizen then desired me to give free Ingress and Egress to his Wife, who was dressed in the gayest coloured Ribbons I had ever seen. She went in with a flirt of her Fan and a smirking Countenance, but came out with the Severity of a Vestal, and throwing from her several Female Gugaws, told me, with a Sigh, that she resolved to go into deep Mourning, and to wear Black all the rest of her Life. As I had many Coquets recommended to me by their Parents, their Husbands and their Lovers, I let them in all at once, desiring them to divert themselves together as well as they could. Upon their emerging again into Day-light, you would have fancied my Cave to have been a Nunnery, and that you had seen a solemn Procession of Religious marching out, one behind another in the most profound Silence and the most exemplary Decency. As I was very much delighted with so edifying a Sight, there came towards me a great Company of Males and Females laughing, singing and dancing, in such a manner that I could hear them a great while before I saw them. Upon my asking their Leader, what brought them thither? they told me all at once, that they were *French* Protestants lately arrived in *Great Britain*, and that finding themselves of too gay a Humour

Humour for my Country, they applied themſelves to me in order to compoſe them for *Britiſh* Converſation. I told them, that to oblige them I would ſoon ſpoil their Mirth; upon which I admitted a whole Shole of them, who, after having taken a Survey of the Place, came out in very good order, and with Looks entirely *Engliſh*. I afterwards put in a *Dutch* Man, who had a great Fancy to ſee the *Kelder*, as he called it, but I could not obſerve that it had made any manner of Alteration in him.

A Comedian who had gained great Reputation in Parts of Humour, told me, that he had a mighty Mind to act *Alexander* the Great, and fancied that he ſhould ſucceed very well in it, if he could ſtrike two or three laughing Features out of his Face: He tried the Experiment, but contracted ſo very ſolid a Look by it, that I am afraid he will be fit for no Part hereafter, but a *Timon* of *Athens*, or a Mute in the *Funeral*.

I then clapt up an empty fantaſtick Citizen, in order to qualify him for an Alderman. He was ſucceeded by a young Rake of the *Middle Temple*, who was brought to me by his Grandmother; but to her great Sorrow and Surprize, he came out a *Quaker*. Seeing myſelf ſurrounded with a Body of *Free-Thinkers*, and Scoffers at Religion, who were making themſelves merry at the ſober Looks and thoughtful Brows of thoſe who had been in the Cave; I thruſt 'em all in, one after another, and lock'd the Door upon 'em. Upon my opening it, they all look'd as if they had been frighted out of their Wits, and were marching away with Ropes in their Hands, to a Wood that was within Sight of the Place. I found they were not able to bear themſelves in their firſt ſerious Thoughts; but knowing theſe would quickly bring them to a better Frame of Mind, I gave them into the Cuſtody of their Friends, till that happy Change was wrought in them.

The laſt that was brought to me, was a young Woman, who at the firſt Sight of my ſhort Face fell into an immoderate Fit of Laughter, and was forced to hold her Sides all the while her Mother was ſpeaking to me. Upon this I interrupted the old Lady, and taking her Daughter by the Hand, Madam, ſaid I, be pleaſed to retire into my Cloſet, while your Mother tells me your Caſe. I then put her into the Mouth of the Cave, when the Mother, after having begged Pardon for the Girl's Rudeneſs, told me, that ſhe often treated her Father and the graveſt of her Relations in the ſame Manner; that ſhe would ſit giggling and laughing with her Companions from one end of a Tragedy to the other; nay, that ſhe would ſometimes burſt out in the middle of a Sermon, and ſet the whole Congregation a ſtaring at her. The Mother was going on, when the young Lady came out of the Cave to us with a compoſed Countenance, and a low Curteſy. She was a Girl of ſuch exuberant Mirth, that her Viſit to *Trophonius* only reduced her to a more than ordinary Decency of Behaviour, and made a very pretty Prude of her. After having performed innumerable Cures, I looked about me with great Satisfaction, and ſaw all my Patients walking by themſelves in a very penſive and muſing Poſture, ſo that the whole Place ſeemed covered with Philoſophers. I was at length reſolved to go into the Cave myſelf, and ſee what it was that had produced ſuch wonderful Effects upon the Company; but as I was ſtooping at the Entrance, the Door being ſomething low, I gave ſuch a Nod in my Chair, that I awaked. After having recovered my ſelf from my firſt Startle, I was very well pleaſed at the Accident which had befallen me, as not knowing but a little Stay in the Place might have ſpoil'd my *Spectators*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

John Hellier, Merchant, gives Notice, that in a Vault under St. James's Market, all Perſons may be aſſured to be ſerved with Wines, Neat, and Natural, as imported, at the Prices following, viz. Red and White Oporto Wines, and Cask Chianti Florence Wine, at 6 s. per Gallon; Canary 2 s. per Quart; Carnavella, Mountain, and Rhenish at 2 s. per Quart, or 7 s. 6 d. per Gallon; baſt Malmſey Madera at 2 s. 6 d. per Quart, or 9 s. per Gallon; French Wines at 2 s. 3 d. per Quart, and the better ſorts at 3 s. 6 d. and 3 s. per Quart, or 3 s. and 3 s. 6 d. per Flask. Good Allowance in all theſe Wines by the Hogſhead. N. B. To prevent any Impoſition, or Miſtake in the Vault, (which hath ſometimes happened) printed Receipts will be given for Money received there, to any one demanding it. There are Fires, and good Accommodation for drinking there.

Cephalic Tincture,

So long celebrated for curing Convulſions, Apoplexies, Palſies, Head-Pains, Vapours, and all Nervous Diſtempers, Infants Fits infantly, tho' hereditarily mortal to whole Families before, as was experienced by Mr. Lane's Child at the Wool-pack in Cannon-ſtreet, and two Children of Squire Race's in Weſtminſter, and other numberleſs Teſtimonies. It is of admirable Uſe to refine the Blood to a due Circulation, to free it from ſtagnation and ſudden Death, fit for hard Drinkers and thoſe that uſe little Exerciſe. It is ſold in 5 Shilling and Half-Crown Bottles, with a Book of its Virtues and Directions, from Markham's under St. Dunſtan's Church, and Allcroft's in Corn-hill, Toyſhops, and no where elſe.

Juſt Publiſhed, in a neat Pocket Volume, dedicated to the Counteſs of Exeter,

Mrs. Barker's new entertaining Romance, call'd Exilius; or, The Banish'd Roman; written after the Manner of Telemachus, for the Inſtruction of ſome young Ladies of Quality: Containing the following Hiſtories. 1. The conſtant Lovers; or, Clelia and Marcellus. 2. The Reward of Virtue, or the Adventures of Clearinthia and Lyſander. 3. The lucky Eſcape, or the Fate of Ilmenus. 4. The beauteous Captive, or Clodius and Sabina. 5. Filo, or the lewd Courtier. 6. The happy Recluſe, or the Charms of Retirement. 7. The Tranſformation, or the Amours of Cordula. 8. The fair Widow, or falſe Friend. To which is added, The Scene of Pleaſure; being the Deſcription of a compleat Garden. Printed for E. Curl at the Dial and Bible againſt St. Dunſtan's Church in Fleet-ſtreet, and J. Roberts in Warwick-lane, price 3 s.

LONDON: Printed by S. BUCKLEY in *Amen-Corner*, and J. TONSON in the *Strand*; where Advertiſements are taken in.